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THE UNSTRENUOUS LIFE.

"Who goes softly goes sanely," says the Italian proverb, "and who goes sanely goes far." The Pope by this route has gone to ninety-three. All the men in Italy who at the time of his accession to the Papacy were great in war or statecraft or art, the Garibaldis and the Risorgimento and Manzoni and Verdi, are dead. His own robust cardinals have mostly joined the great majority. The man who most abased the physical and exalted the spiritual has lived on beyond them all.

Leo's life in its physical aspect alone, quite apart from the spiritual development which made him beloved by the entire Christian world, is of importance for its example to mankind of the benefits of temperance and moderation. "Nothing in excess," the old Greek motto was his golden text of longevity. Physical activity in abundance, but no strenuousness, no imprudences in the name of athletics. An abstemious life at the table, a full but not a protracted day for the duties of his high place. The saving grace of this regimen revealed itself in the even companionship kept by mind and body to the last. As there was no premature dying at the top so there was no physical enfeeblement beyond that due with his years.

At a time when the doctrine of the strenuous and the strong is cried from the housetops this life of sanity and moderation will carry its lesson.

Death comes to the Pope finally by the wearing out of the physical organs from long-continued use. Dr. Rossini is reported to have said yesterday: "The Pope's pulse reaches ninety pulsations a minute. Just calculate how many times it has pulsated in ninety-three years and you understand that all his organs must end by getting tired, that they will stop forever."

Ninety times a minute, 5,400 an hour, 129,600 a day, 47,304,000 a year, more than four billions in his lifetime—a faithful organ!

A faithful organ, indeed, to the ordinary man, holding its own against the assaults of tobacco and alcohol, against the impulses of joy and sorrow and fear, and maintaining an even course under all the disturbing influences brought to bear upon it. Its faithful service is too rarely rewarded by even decent consideration on the part of its possessor.

AN AUTOMOBILE CARAVAN.

A journey will be begun at Orange, N. J., to-day which is of interest as illustrating a new development in automobiling. A local magnate is setting out for Ramsgate Lakes with a caravan of steam and gasoline road wagons in which his family and himself and such of his household goods as will be necessary are to be conveyed over 500 miles of country roads to their destination in the woods.

A few years ago a private car would have been engaged, a check of sufficient size drawn and the care of transporting the party intrusted to railroad officials. Now we have a personally conducted excursion of a new order, with papa as chauffeur-in-chief, his daughter handling the second car and the servants following in the third car with the luggage.

While the Orange millionaire's caravan is moving onward a traveller in moderate circumstances with a sufficient allowance of nickels can follow him closely by trolley. He can make the trip to Boston with few breaks and view with unwearied eyes the long stretches of rolling country for which New England is famous. From Boston he can ride continuously along the coast almost to Portland. There the automobile will outstep him. But while further progress is denied him he can look back upon a trip hardly less enjoyable and one made possible for a very small outlay.

The country trolley comes near realizing the possibilities of a poor man's automobile.

AN ALMSHOUSE "PRINCESS."

It develops that a woman who died in the almshouse on Blackwell's Island on July 3 was the great-granddaughter of a New England Governor and once a court favorite in Europe, rich and petted. Her money left her, but her manner remained and she was "the princess" even in poverty.

In thinking of this case of destitution in old age one feels glad that the almshouse is now the "city home" and that in name at least the old suggestion of penury and dependence is done away with. The visitor to "the island," if he makes even infrequent trips there, comes to see many pathetic instances of fallen fortunes. He finds college graduates there, inmates from various ranks of life transferred from the city hospital and kept in enforced idleness because of financial straits. He hears the confession of one or another that he will "disappear" and on his next trip seeks in vain for the one who uttered the threat. Again he meets an inmate with a record of years of cheerful confinement in the institution. It is a motley colony.

POTS OF GOLD.

They are still digging for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Capt. James Brown, of Providence, has gone in search of a Tahitian cave in which \$50,000,000 in bullion and plate, veritable barrels of money, the ancient treasure of Peru, was stowed away for safe-keeping. W. H. Haslip and his son, of Philadelphia, are on a quest for \$10,000 in family plate and silver coin buried on an island near Savannah. Henry Endum is delving in the cellar of an Arbuckle coffee mill in Brooklyn for Capt. Kidd's treasure, valued at \$50,000,000. Is he not afraid that the Arbuckles have exhausted all the sources of wealth there?

Where could Kidd have got the millions upon millions of gold that he is reported to have cached away? In spite of romances about Spanish galleons, heavily laden with the riches of the Indies, seized and scuttled, the amount of golden spoil possible for him to have acquired by piracy was not large.

The pots of gold are there, of course. The coffee firm have found theirs on the site where Endum is digging. A lumberer in the Wisconsin woods found his in the superior potatoes grown in that region, the marketing of which in Chicago made him rich. A New Jersey convict has found his in a prison workroom, where he watched the action of a sewing machine. The diggers never see these sources of wealth.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

ONE of the experiences of Major Pond's boyhood days was his first meeting with the great Charles Sumner. It stamped this fact on his brain:

"Charles Sumner was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. Father always spoke of him as the Hon. Charles Sumner, so great was his reverence of the man. He enjoyed the speech immensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father sat near, with the intention of rushing up and greeting him when he had finished, but the Hon. Charles was too quick for him. He had vanished.

"Father said: 'James, the Hon. Sumner is going to Milwaukee to-morrow morning and we can ride with him a part of the way.' He was in the drawing-room car when we got on the train. Father stepped up to him and said:

"The Hon. Charles Sumner, I have read your speeches. I have felt the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has returned from the Kansas conflict."

"The Hon. Charles Sumner did not see father or his son, but he saw the brakeman, and said: 'Can you get me a place where I will be undisturbed?' Father's heart was almost broken."

C. C. Brainerd, who is spending the summer in a Jersey village, was in town yesterday and told of a state of municipal affairs at his summer home, which puts the Mikado's Pooh Bah to shame. "The officers of Mayor, village constable and local saloon-keeper," he said, "are held by one man. There is a theory that when in his capacity of constable, he is forced to arrest himself, as saloon-keeper, for violating the excise laws, he makes use of his office as Mayor to dismiss the complaint."

Hadon Sands, of New York, who has been cruising in the vicinity of Bar Harbor for several weeks on his steam yacht, the Rival, has gone with a party of friends for a month's cruise along the coast as far as Halifax.

Edmund Russell, whose Hamlet added considerably to the gaiety of Broadway some time ago, would have been edified could he have overheard a conversation in an uptown restaurant last night. A severe-looking lady with spectacles was dining with a youth of vapour countenance.

"I care little for the trash at most theatres," she was saying. "The one performance I enjoyed this year was Russell in 'Hamlet.' Did you see it?" "No," replied the youth enthusiastically. "I didn't see Russell in that. But once I saw him and his brother in that cleverest sketch I ever struck. All about putting a horse in the kitchen and things like that."

And he probably hasn't yet been able to explain the cause of frozen contempt wherewith she favored him.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

The Open "L" Door.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a true believer in the doctrine of fresh air and plenty of it. But I've a kick to make. In the front car of the "L" trains of late the front door of the car is left wide open. The whirlwind that rushes in rumples people's hair, blows off straw hats and glasses and blows our newspapers in such a way that we cannot possibly turn a page. Now, with every window open there is surely quite enough ventilation without the front door being open, too. The additional draught gained by the open front car door is not added coolness but an unmitigated nuisance. Yet any one with heroism enough to shut the door is branded as a crank. Won't readers be brave enough to come to the rescue of suffering carrels by making a point of closing the front door? I will. Who will follow my example? AUGUSTUS.

Apply War Dept., Washington, D. C. To the Editor of The Evening World: Where can I find a record of soldiers who enlisted from a certain town? L. THOMAS.

Aug. 20. About 33 years. Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: When will be the first race between Reliance and Shamrock? What is the average age of man? Does a special delivery letter need a two-cent stamp in addition to the 10-cent special delivery stamp? HIAVATHA.

"Diving in Head First." To the Editor of The Evening World: When going in bathing which is the best way of getting wet to avoid ill effects to the system? Diving in head first, jumping in feet first or getting wet slowly? FATHER.

Same Old Stair Query. To the Editor of The Evening World: Going up the stairs, should the lady precede the gentleman or follow him, and in what order should they come down the stairs? J. H. K.

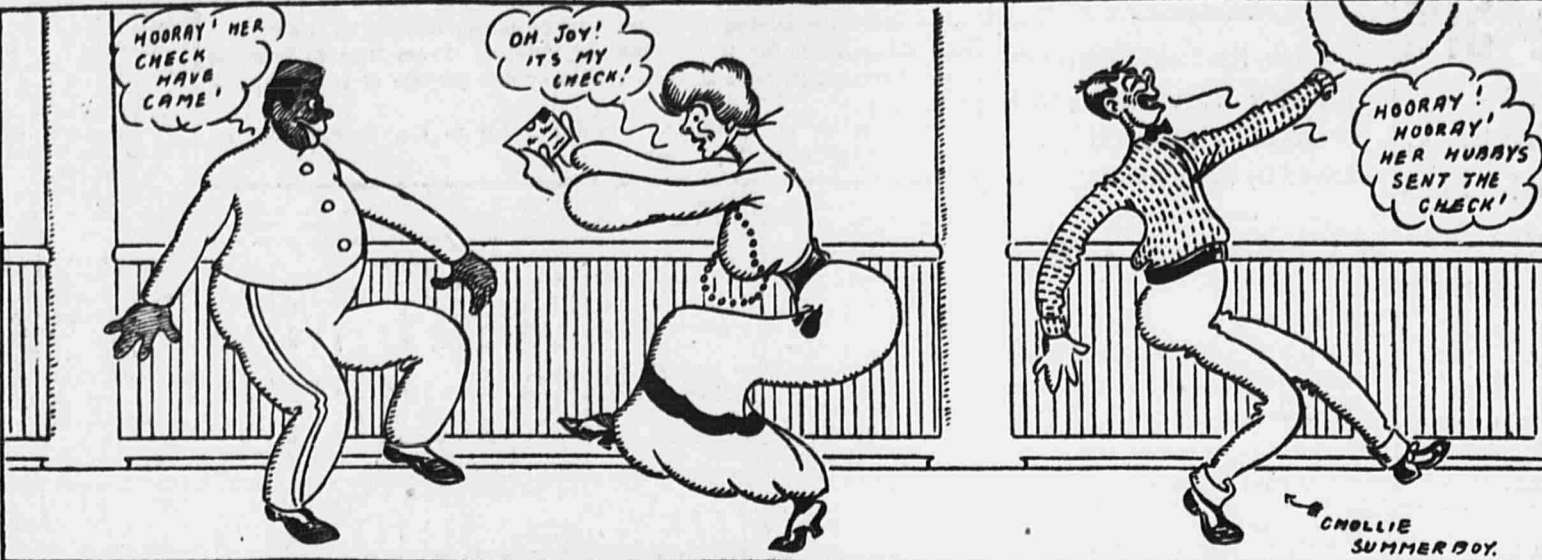
A man should precede in ascending stairs. He should follow in descending.

Father Appeals to Parents. To the Editor of The Evening World: Will parents please advise me if there is any way in which I can stop my son from smoking? He is, but sixteen years old and does a good deal of smoking and says he cannot stop it. A FATHER.

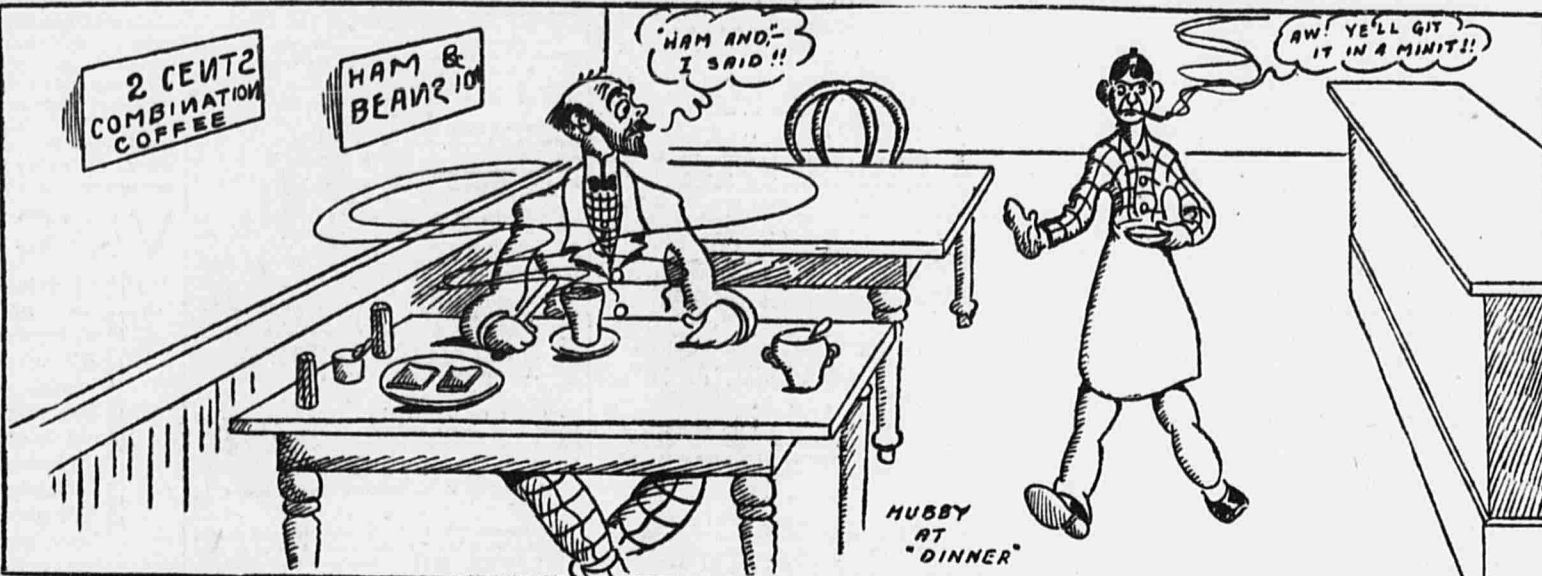
Scientists Say No Snake Exists To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there such a species as a "hoop" snake in the snake family and what section of the country do they come from? E. D. S.

TO BUY "MONASTERY." A movement is on foot among British Roman Catholics and others to secure "The Monastery" at Littlemore in permanence as a memorial to Cardinal Newman and those associated with him under that historical roof. "The Monastery" was composed of a row of workmen's cottages, and the room in which Newman and Stanton were received by Father Dominic, the Dominican, into the Roman Catholic community is capable of identification from plans and papers in the possession of friends of the Cardinal.

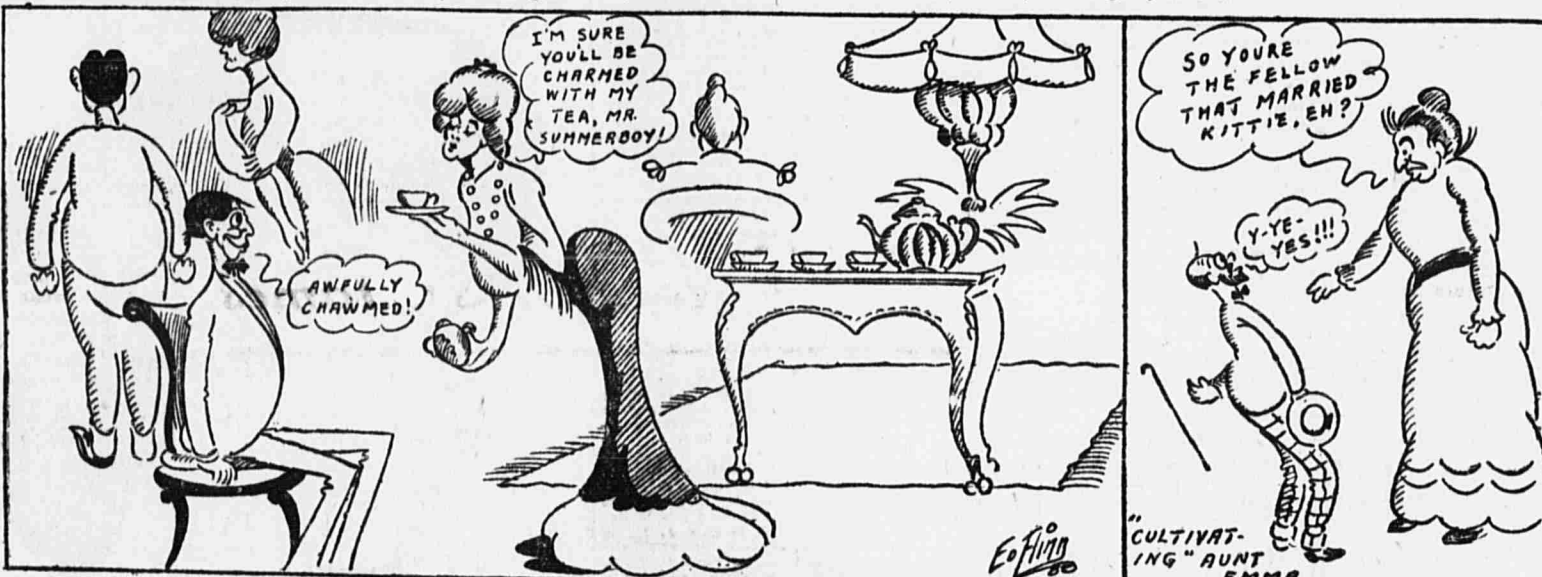
LETTERS FROM A SELFISH WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.-No. 4.



Sweetest, Dearest, Loveliest Hubby: Your dear big check arrived this morning while I was out with that pretty boy, Charley Summerer, in his in that sloppy boat. I was almost crying thinking whatever shall I do. I got all wet in the fog and was feeling perfectly disagreeable with those tramping boots just ruined and they cost \$8. I shall have when I got back to the hotel, but the sight of your check made me per-Charley drive me over to the store to-morrow and buy another pair.



It must be very pleasant to sit at home and read about the baseball for \$12 or \$16, and I can get some ribbon for the handle when I drive over games and the races every evening and not have to dress for dinner. You to get my tramping boots. For heaven's sake, don't buy any more neckties. I have got a trunk full of ribbons that will make beautiful ties for them. I have such awful racquet here. Couldn't you, wouldn't you, won't you just like Charley Summerer wears, with big flowing ends, and I have no use for them, as they are slightly soiled.



Don't you think it would be a good plan to cultivate Aunt Emma? but you have to be nice to disagreeable people in your business to make. She is at home, you know. She is so eccentric she won't go away for the money. I want to give a tea the last of the week. It will be a very simple affair, but the decorations and the music will cost a lot. Do send me some more money. I can't worry about money or I shall be ill. YOUR OWN LITTLE TRUE WIFEY.



"I suppose the waiters will keep right on striking after the strike is settled." "Striking for what?" "Tips—as usual."

"Is the pen mightier than the sword?" "Of course it is. Your father couldn't sign checks with a sword."

"Say, mamma, what's a dead letter?" "Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear."

"Oh, yes; talk is cheap, but just the same I made you what you are."

"Yes, and it's just like a measly woman to gloat over her work!"

"No; he sometimes lies down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE. Gushington—I wonder what's the matter with Starr, the tragedian? He never notices me any more.

Critick—Didn't I hear you tell him his style was very much like Booth's? Gushington—Yes; but surely—

Critick—That's where you made your mistake. You should have said Booth's style was like his.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

are called reaction machines. The principle they illustrate is that, generally speaking, you cannot move anything without moving something else in the opposite direction, in both of these cases as the water is forced out in the direction of the water tube the boat or the part of the mill from which it flows is driven in the opposite direction.

Any boy can make a boat driven by water. Its principal parts are a tin pan and a tall lamp chimney. Close the small end of the chimney with a cork, into which a rubber, bent glass or lead tube is tightly fitted; prop the chimney in the pan with the small tube projecting over the rim, fill the chimney

with water and set the chimney craft afloat.

You can produce a better imitation of speed by using, instead of the pan, a little wooden boat of more shipshape model with the water tube projecting over the stern, but unless the vessel is very broad of beam it will capsize.

A water mill is made of the same lamp chimney, or another, with corks or plugs in both ends. Instead of one water tube it has two, three, four or more, going out like the spokes of a wheel and bent at the end—all in the same direction. The chimney is set upright between two pivots, which press against the upper and lower plugs, and is filled with water through a hole in the upper plug, which also serves to admit air when the mill is turning.

The only use of the top plug, in fact, is to give a point of support, and the vessel must be open to the air at the top. As the water flows out through the little tubes the mill turns in the opposite direction, and if there is not too much friction at the pivots it will soon be spinning rapidly. The water boat and the water mill are examples of what

A GIRL'S HEART.

Its Loss Often Involves the Loss of Wisdom as Well.

By Helen Oldfield.

EXPERIENCE teaches that when a woman loses her heart her head usually goes after it. No that this is a purely feminine characteristic, for it was not without reason that the ancients said Cupid blinds. "She is a woman, therefore to be won," said Shakespeare, and notwithstanding the emancipation of woman and modern development and education, with all they comprehend, the same may be said of many another woman to-day. Indeed, it would almost seem, in the light of every-day marriages, that patient, persistent wooing, coupled with a fair amount of devotion, passionate or otherwise, is sure to prevail with the great majority of women.

"If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you," says Colton, "fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours." Even if love fails to win love, which is rarely the case, it produces tolerance, and few women but feel pity for the lovers in whose affection for themselves they believe, even though they cannot return it.

The love of approbation, not to say admiration, springs perennial in the human breast, and with all deference to teachers and preachers, women wholly without vanity rarely amount to much. A little of it goes a long way; like other saving salts, it is best in moderation, but to some extent it is not only useful, but necessary. All of us love love and are pleased with the spontaneous affection shown us by man, woman or child. Not many persons are wont to repress even a worthless one which attaches itself to them, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

Manly beauty has a strong attraction for most women. The professional man beauty receives as much adulation as does the professional woman beauty, although, because of looking actors for example, are fairly persecuted by the attention of foolish girls, who send them flowers, candy, trinkets, and the like, and who write them letters as from read. Every popular actor profits from the sale of his photographs, most of which are purchased by admiring women.

It is an open question whether manly strength does not appeal to women as much or more than does manly beauty. To women of the better sort, women with strength of character themselves, it undeniably does. Femininity in mind, heart and humanity has a passion for masculine strength. Among all animals the question of mates is settled by combat, and the female is the prize of the victor. Evolution has not wholly eradicated this trait in the human species. As a rule, women like to be "bossed," provided the bossing is done in the right way. Like St. Christopher in the medieval legend, they would fain be servant to the strongest. The iron hand, in the softest of velvet gloves, never fails to hold a willing captive, who nestles closely, delighting in the sense of love able both to cherish and protect. Still more does a woman like to feel that he who is her slave, amenable to her every caprice, is a master among men. If women turn a deaf ear to the representations of their friends and relatives as to a sailor's depravity, they have only themselves to blame for misery and disgrace.

Still, there are exceptions. "A man," says Emerson, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no lustre as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle; then it shows deep and beautiful colors." In this lies the magic of the truth. She detects the vein of golden ore which is hidden to others. It is her pleasure and her pride to show her husband to others as she sees him, and many a successful man owes most of his success to the divine alchemy on the part of his wife. She is always ready to encourage him, to give him fresh confidence in his powers by her steadfast belief in them. Her affection often kindles the dormant spark of intellectual life, often still she fans it to a flame, and feeds it with fuel by her never-failing care.

HOW GOLD NUGGETS GROW.

Gold in its natural state, like many other products of the earth, is an article of development. What its original elements are is still a matter of some speculation, but the fact has been demonstrated that a nugget of the precious metal left in its original environment will gradually, though slowly, attract to itself minute particles of gold dust, and after the lapse of years possess an added value. Gold is known to have grown on mine timbers which have long been immersed in mine water. In the California State Mining Bureau Museums there is a specimen of a piece of jointed cap and post taken from the Comstock, where it had been under water for years, in which gold was formed in the joints and pores of the wood.

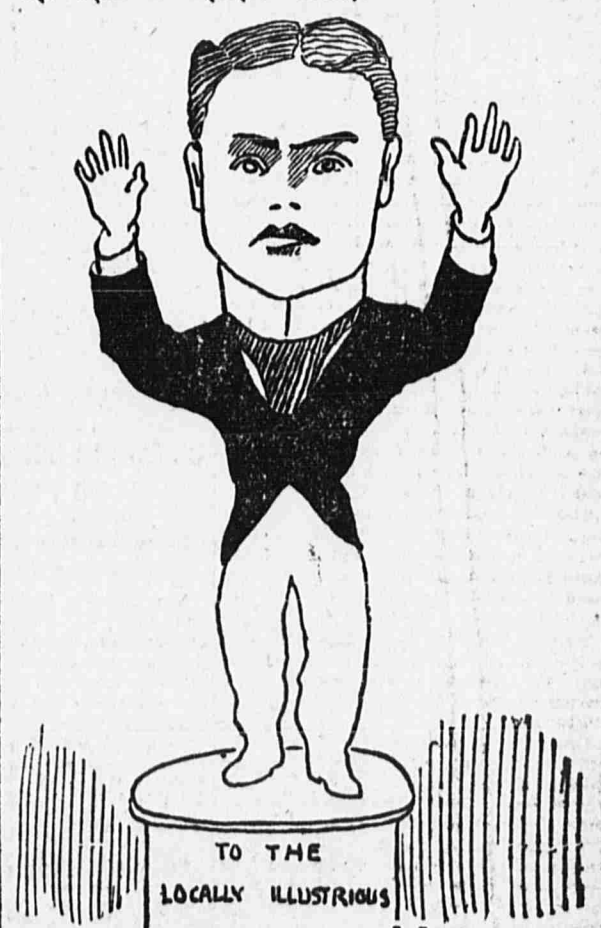
Gold is constantly being formed in rocks and veins and placers. Just what it is that the baby gold formation feeds on to effect its growth is not known. It was a new and wonderfully lucrative industry might be born and all other kinds of farming save the growing of gold might temporarily be abandoned.

HARD-WORKING HUMAN HEART.

Some one with an aptitude for statistics has been doing a little calculating on the subject of the human heart and its activities. The normal heart, it appears, beats about seventy-five times in a minute, so that an hour's record would be something like 4,500 beats.

Supposing that a man lived to be fifty, his heart would have beaten 1,500,000 times. If a son of this man, more robust than his father, should fill out the scriptural allotment of three score years and ten, his heart-beats would number 2,640,000, says Harper's Weekly. It is easy to understand, after such a computation, why this hard-working servant of the human body so frequently wears out.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



(Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who narrowly escaped injury from an automobile, and who caused its owner's arrest.)

Oh, Children! On our Pedestal See A. G. Vanderbilt.

Recently, when a wild chauffeur Went spinning past with whizz and whirr, Vanderbilt caused a social stir

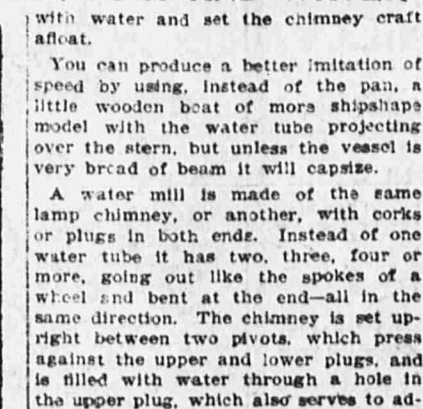
By some such words as these: "Dear sir, You nearly had me kill."

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WATER BOAT AND WATER MILL.



Any boy can make a boat driven by water. Its principal parts are a tin pan and a tall lamp chimney. Close the small end of the chimney with a cork, into which a rubber, bent glass or lead tube is tightly fitted; prop the chimney in the pan with the small tube projecting over the rim, fill the chimney

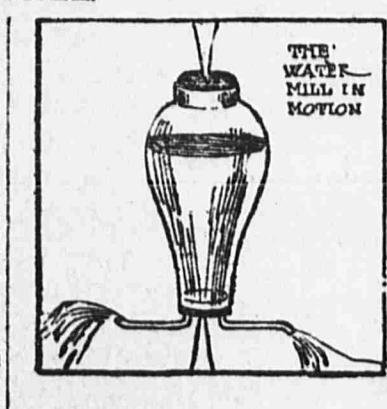


with water and set the chimney craft afloat.

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The only use of the top plug, in fact, is to give a point of support, and the vessel must be open to the air at the top. As the water flows out through the little tubes the mill turns in the opposite direction, and if there is not too much friction at the pivots it will soon be spinning rapidly. The water boat and the water mill are examples of what



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Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

FLORENCE'S IDEA.

"Mamma," queried little Florence, "should I say pants or trousers?" "Trousers, my dear," replied the mother.

"Then," said Florence, "I must give Fido some water, for he trousers just awfully."—Chicago News.

A SAFE ANIMAL.

"You have a very steady horse." "Yes; he's steady enough." "Stands without hitching, doesn't he?" "Not always."

"Indeed?" "No; he sometimes lies down."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

Gushington—I wonder what's the matter with Starr, the tragedian? He never notices me any more.

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